

HIS CLOSEST CALL TO DEATH'S DOOR.

Captain Smith Tells of His Thrilling Struggle for Life Under the Sea.

The Diver Was Pinned Beneath Wreckage with Fifty Feet of Water Above.

As He Lay in the Black Depths He Felt the Water Slowly Creeping Under His Arm.

EACH MOMENT SEEMED AN ETERNITY.

Finally the Wrecked Ship on Which He Was Working Lurched and the Diver Shot Up Feet First, More Dead Than Alive.

Bridgeport, Conn., March 13.—Captain Charles Smith, who had a thrilling struggle with death fifty feet under water yesterday, told the story of his experience today. The Captain is a well-known diver, and, while working on the sunken hull of the Clara Post, became caught in the rigging and narrowly escaped with his life.

"The wreck lay quite deep; deeper than I usually care to go, although I have been down sixteen fathoms," said the Captain. "After the masts went by the board, and the deck was torn off by the waves the cross timbers were strewn with the wreckage, and many were suspended over the decks and into the hold. I cut them away on the starboard side and then crossed over, doing the same. Then, in some way, some of the tangled mass averted and fell partially into the hold, and I was caught with it and held fast. I cannot see very far in such a depth of water and when I found myself pinned in, how, I could not tell, I jerked the life-line three times, which is the signal to rise. I felt myself rising a few feet, and then all the wreckage fell in upon me and everything came to a standstill. I jerked the life-line repeatedly, but there was no response. I tried to move, but found the air-pipe was somehow caught so that any movement shut off the current of air. It was an awful moment, and it seemed eternity to me.

"In the meantime those on the wrecking ship were wondering what had happened. It seemed to them as though the signals to haul up were quickly followed by others to lower, and then, by one to stop. The man at the life-line became confused at these contradictory orders, and, hoping to take a safe course, ordered the derrick to haul on the blocks. Nothing yielded to the strain, although the wrecking ship creaked greatly. The men at the pumps worked for dear life, until they were exhausted and had to be relieved. Still no signs of release.

"All this while I was wondering," continued the Captain, "why I was not hauled up, when I came to the conclusion that my life line had certainly been fouled when the wreckage shifted and that my signals were not properly sent up. It had now become black as night in the water. I had cut a small hole in the valve of my right hand rubber glove by catching hold of some iron bolts, and the water had come in and filled the glove full, exerting a terribly painful pressure on my hand, and was slowly oozing past the clamps at my wrist and had reached my elbow. It seemed to me, in that mass which was moving by the tide, that I would soon be hopelessly crushed by the wreckage. I found myself becoming confused through the great air pipe which my helmet, and I had about concluded that I should never clear myself, when, suddenly, the wreckage gave a lurch and I found I could climb up to one of the deck timbers. Grasping my axe, I cut away at my feet, but some iron stays were in the way. As I lunged there, it seemed a lifetime, when again the tide favored me, and I began working desperately.

"Suddenly the whole mass broke away and began to rise rapidly and I became so entangled that I was actually held head downward, as I was carried up. It seemed another eternity before I reached the surface. When I came up the men at first did not suppose I was there, as there was such a mass of tangled material, and their surprise you can imagine when I shot up through the wreckage, feet first. When I was hauled upon deck and my helmet opened it seemed as though my eyes were on fire, as terribly did they burn from the lessened air pressure.

"It was," concluded the Captain, "the closest call to death's door that I ever had, and I have peeped through his keyhole pretty often, I assure you."

Captain Smith is a powerful six-footer, forty years of age, and has followed his dangerous calling some eighteen years. His wide experience in these lines stood him in good stead in the thrilling event which followed his experience yesterday.

THIS EDITOR IS GAME.

Though Beaten and Dragged Through the Streets by a Mob, He Will Still Publish His Newspaper.

Mitchell, S. D., March 13.—The citizens of Hills, a small town near Lawrence, followed the example set by the Mitchell mob, who raided the Mail office last month, and ordered Editor W. F. Bailey, of the Hills Crescent, to leave town.

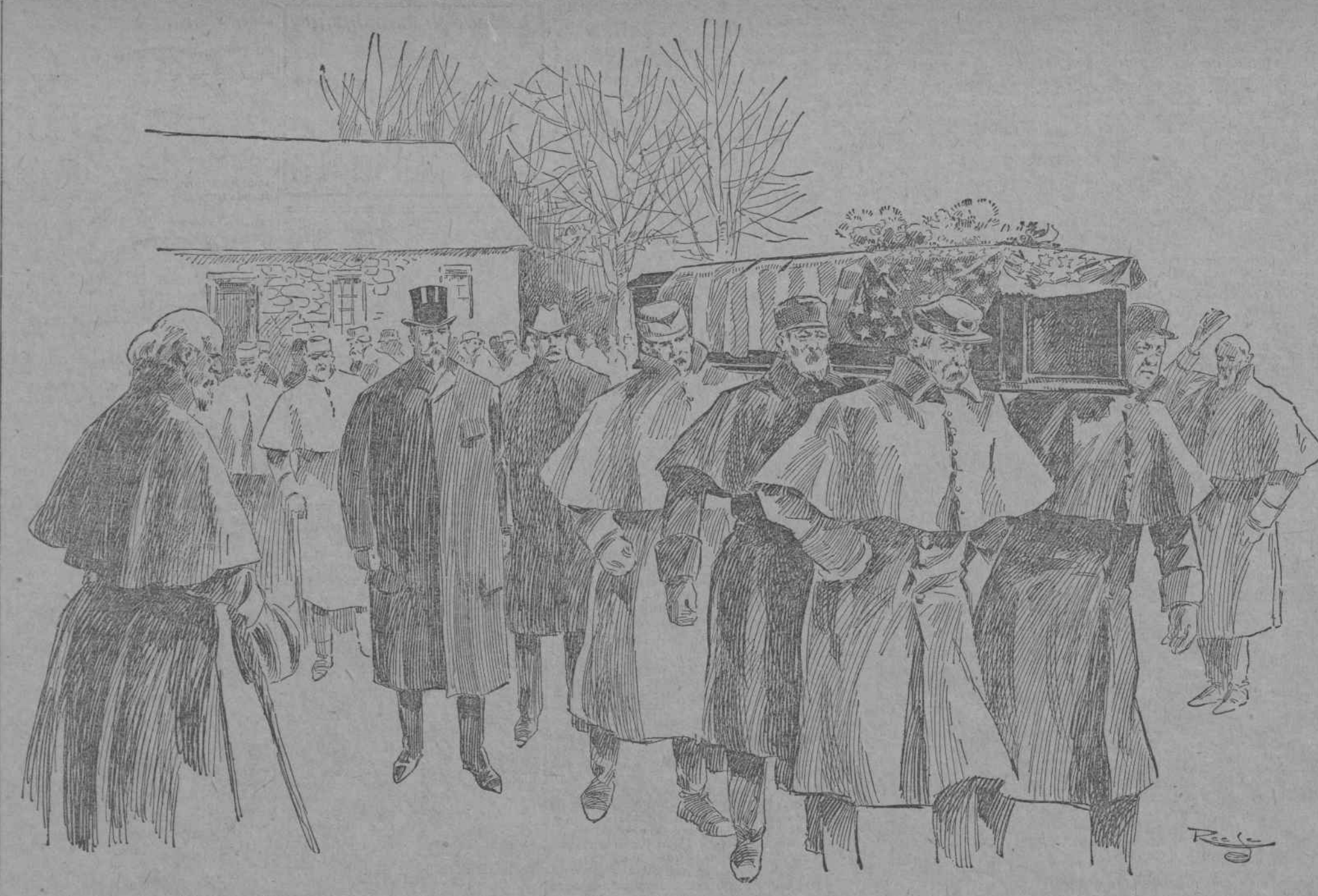
On Tuesday, not having complied with this demand, a mob took the law into its own hands and proceeded to deal out justice by administering a terrible beating to Bailey.

In an insensible condition he was dragged through the main thoroughfare by the infuriated mob.

The Deputy Sheriff and Bailey's friends succeeded, after a free fight, in rescuing him. Bailey is determined to continue the publication of the Crescent and there is more trouble expected. He is charged with being too officious in political affairs.

NEGLECTED HER CHILDREN.

Mrs. Londrigan Committed as a Habitual Drunkard.



PATRICK MCCARTHY, WHO DIED IN THE ALMSHOUSE, BURIED WITH MILITARY HONORS.

There was an unusual scene on Blackwell's Island yesterday. Patrick McCarthy, a veteran of the civil war, who was an inmate of the almshouse, died this week, and would have received a pauper's burial had it not been for General O'Beirne, who gave the body a soldier's funeral. Comrades of McCarthy, who are also in the almshouse and who fought for the Union, attended the funeral and were moved to tears during the services. They bore the flag-draped coffin which contained McCarthy's remains to the wharf, where it was placed on a steamer and taken to the cemetery on Hart's Island.

DANIEL LEVY WAS A TIRELESS LOVER.

Mrs. Lehman Testified That for Years He Followed Her Everywhere.

She Went to Europe to Escape Him, and Was Told That He Was Still on Her Track.

NEVER GAVE HIM ENCOURAGEMENT.

Admitted That Her Persistent Suitor Never Did Anything Dishonorable, Except to Love Her—Another Ex-Part to Testify.

Harriet Lehman's story of Daniel Levy's love chase, lasting fifteen years, during the greater part of which period he pursued her with unflagged ardor, was the feature of yesterday's hearing of the case in Trial Term, Part IX, of the Supreme Court, before Justice Biscoff and a jury. She told it in greater detail than at the first trial, but did not contradict her previous testimony.

Lawyer Holm introduced expert testimony in Levy's behalf, that of Dr. Livingston S. Hinckley, superintendent of the Essex County Hospital for the Insane at Newark, N. J.

Lawyer Holm asked for permission to have Dr. L. C. Gray examine Levy, and subsequently to put that physician on the stand as an expert. This he obtained. Then Mrs. Lehman went on the stand and swore that she was thirty-two years old, and that she had lived in East Forty-sixth street during 1881.

"When did you first see Daniel Levy?" asked Mr. Nicol.

"At the Germania Theatre in 1881," answered Mrs. Lehman. "I was there with my father, and Levy turned around and looked at me."

"He has said that when he first saw you he dropped an umbrella and you picked it up. Is that true?"

"It is absolutely false."

FOLLOWED HER EVERYWHERE.

Levy annoyed her by following her in the streets, she said. He wrote letters to her during 1882 and the following year, not even stopping after she had had him arrested in 1884. When she went to Europe she was told that Levy was still dogging her footsteps.

She returned immediately to the United States, and when she came back, he forced his way into her father's house in December, 1883, she swore, and placed his card on a table in the drawing room, in which she was sitting.

"What did you do?" Mr. Nicol asked.

"I asked the servant who had ushered him in what he wanted. She said he asked for my father. I said my father was not in and the man (Levy) was conducted out."

Even after she was married, Mrs. Lehman testified, she still got letters from Levy. He persisted in his habits of following her through the streets and hanging about her house. No matter where she went to spend a summer, Levy was sure to be there. For two years she had been afraid to go out unprotected, as she feared Levy.

"Have you ever given Levy any encouragement, either before or after your marriage?" Mr. Nicol asked.

"Not the slightest," said Mrs. Lehman, emphatically.

Lawyer Holm cross-examined her rigidly.

"Didn't you look around to see that Levy was following you?" he asked.

"I did not," said Mrs. Lehman.

"How did you know he was following you?"

"I could see him when I was crossing the street."

"Is that the only way in which you knew that he was following you?"

"No; a lady can usually tell when a man is following her."

"Did you ever stand at the window and watch Levy?"

"Never!"

Levy was always at the Temple Emanuel whenever she went thither, Mrs. Lehman said.

SPOKE TO HER ONCE.

"Did Levy, during all the years you have known him, do anything dishonorable?" asked Lawyer Holm.

"Nothing, except to love a married woman," answered Mrs. Lehman with a blush.

"Did he ever speak to you?"

"Only once."

"Did you ever tell Levy to stop writing you letters?"

"I did not."

"Did you ever reply to the letters?"

"I should think not," said Mrs. Lehman, scornfully.

Mrs. Lehman's husband, Sigmund M. Lehman, swore that Levy had followed Mrs. Lehman and had hung about his house.

"What did you do?" was asked.

"I consulted my lawyer and several physicians, and they advised me that Levy was insane."

Levy never appeared rational to him, Lehman said.

Herman Heideberg told how he had been obliged to discharge the alleged lunatic from his employ because Levy confessed he was so much in love with Miss Lehman he couldn't think of anything else.

The trial was continued until next Monday.

HAD THE SILVER TIED UP.

A Son of Bial, Who Shot Hans Beattie, One of the Burglars in Mrs. Steir's Flat.

Mrs. Steir, who lives in the second flat of No. 7 East One Hundred and Twelfth street, returned at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon, after a short absence, and found the door of her apartments open and marks of a jimmy near the locks.

The prisoners were identified in Harlem Police Court, yesterday morning, as ex-convicts. They are George Bial, alias Anderson, twenty-three years old, of No. 228 East Ninety-seventh street. His picture is in No. 2,000 in the Rogues' Gallery. He was discharged from the penitentiary three weeks ago, having served a year's sentence for larceny. The other is James Hennessey, twenty-four years old, of No. 541 East Eighty-ninth street. He served five months in the penitentiary and got out Thursday morning.

The police of the East One Hundred and Twenty-third Street Police Station say that Bial answers the description of the man who attempted to rob the flat of Mrs. Woodman, at No. 174 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, on Thursday morning.

Bial is the son of Louis Bial, who shot Hans Beattie when the latter was a burglar in the East River.

Bial and Hennessey were taken to Police Headquarters, where he was photographed.

DIED IN ALMSHOUSE, BURIED WITH HONORS.

Patrick McCarthy, Veteran of the Civil War, Given a Soldier's Funeral.

He Passed Away on Blackwell's Island and His Late Associates Bore Him to the Grave.

STRANGE SCENE IN THE CHAPEL.

Decrepit and Blind Moved to Tears by the Services—General O'Beirne's Promise to Ex-Soldiers Left on the Island.

The body of Patrick McCarthy, late of the almshouse, was put under the sod on Hart's Island yesterday, but it does not all a pauper's grave. It rests in a soldier's grave and it received a soldier's burial.

He was a veteran of the late war. Other ex-soldiers have died in the almshouse, but never before was there such a funeral on Blackwell's Island. Those who died before McCarthy were placed in rough pine boxes, carted down to the landing, carried on board the steamer by men in striped clothing from the penitentiary, and dropped into the trenches on Hart's Island that accommodate fifty bodies each, with no more pomp or ceremony than would be exercised over the remains of an animal.

An undertaker, with his breast adorned by a Grand Army badge, went over from New York with a rosewood coffin for McCarthy. The body was clad in a soldier's uniform. The coffin was covered with the national flag. Around it there were lighted candles and the altar was ablaze.

A priest of McCarthy's religion conducted services for the dead in the almshouse chapel, and a choir of six voices furnished solemn music.

VETERANS AT THE FUNERAL.

The front pews of the chapel were occupied by the twenty-eight ex-soldiers who remain in the Almshouse. Grizzled old veterans of all of them, one with a single eye, another with only one leg, still another with only half a nose, here one who was half blinded by the smoke at Ball's Bluff.

Behind and around them were seated the other inmates of the Almshouse, the women on one side and the men on the other. In the gallery there was a crowd gathered around the choir and organ.

"Blind Sal," the soprano, was never in better voice. That was remarked by the oldest inmate, as she sent forth the grand notes of "Peace to His Ashes." The Almshouse folks do not weep often, they are too hardened to weep for that, but their tears flowed yesterday, under the influence of the music and the unwonted surroundings.

The priest, Rev. Father Blumensatt, came from behind a screen, clad in the robes of the Church. He sprinkled holy water on the flag over the coffin and his assistant swung the censer. He chanted the services for the dead in Latin and the congregation made the responses. Then the priest extolled the man whose corpse was before him.

"He was a soldier of the Union," said the priest, "but he would have gone to an unmarked and an unnamed grave had not God put it in the heart of one man to prevent it. As it is, future generations will be able to point out the spot where the hero McCarthy lies. So will it be with all of you ex-soldiers hereafter, for General O'Beirne has promised to see that all of you receive proper burial."

VIEW THEIR OLD COMRADE.

The lame, the halt and the decrepit died past the coffin and looked for the last time on their dead companion's features. Then six stalwart ex-soldiers, in blue uniforms, shouldered the coffin and carried it down-

stairs, where General O'Beirne delivered a brief speech. He spoke of the honors the veterans had won in war, and cautioned them to uphold the dignity of their uniforms and the respect they had commanded for the flag.

The General deplored the fact that there were any old soldiers in the almshouse, when there were soldiers' homes, provided by the people, in which they might spend their last days. The General knew that some of them had been expelled from the homes, but he promised to investigate those cases and furnish a remedy if such action was proper.

The faces of the listening veterans brightened at the General's words, and they applauded the conclusion of his speech.

McCarthy's coffin was then carried on the shoulders of his comrades to the steamer that took it to Hart's Island. There a volley was fired over his grave and the services were at an end.

KEPT A FAMILY ON SIXTY CENTS A DAY.

Half of Mrs. Rooney's Income Went for Rent, the Rest for Food and Coal.

Her Hard Fight for Months to Take Care of Six Children Ended in Failure at Last.

AIDED BY THE GERRY SOCIETY.

BOOTH IS MAKING GAINS.

The Old Salvation Army Yesterday Lost Several Officers and a Church as Well.

There were more desertions from the Salvation Army yesterday, in spite of the efforts of the heads of the organization to have the old officers remain.

Early in the day the resignation of Staff Captain Mantz was placed in the hands of Commissioner Eva Booth, and without waiting to ascertain whether it was to be accepted, the staff captain enrolled under the banner of Ballington Booth. He has been in charge of the printing department of the Salvation Army for some years.

So many rumors had reached the Commissioner regarding Captain Fred Lindsay, of the Trade Stores Department, that she yesterday sent for the young officer to ascertain his intentions. Captain Lindsay is soon to wed Staff Captain Katie Watkins, who is known as the Beauty of the Army, and resigned Thursday. Captain Lindsay was told that if he attended the Pettie Watkins meeting at Cooper Union next Sunday he would be expelled.

"I anticipated such a move," replied the young officer, "and have my resignation here." An hour later he was installed in Ballington Booth's ranks.

It was announced yesterday that Mrs. Ballington Booth will next week begin her drawing room crusade in the parlors of a well-known uptown society woman. A large number of them have been arranged. They will be purely private affairs, and no mission being strictly by invitation.

The latter part of the month she will conduct a series of meetings in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

There has been a close fight between the Salvation Army and the Ballington Booth forces to secure control of the Washington Street Presbyterian Church, Newark, where the old Army has always had its headquarters. The trustees of the church yesterday by a unanimous vote decided that the lease should be given to the Ballington Booth forces. This was a blow that the old Army did not expect, and as nearly the entire Newark branch of the Army has already deserted and gone over to Ballington Booth, they have decided to abandon the Newark branch.

From New Brunswick, N. J., comes the news that Captain H. R. Wood has resigned and that the local corps of the Salvation Army there is without a head.

W. C. T. U. Invites Ballington Booth. Chicago, March 13.—The Chicago Central W. C. T. U., at its regular executive meeting instructed the secretary to write a letter inviting Ballington and Maud Booth to hold meetings in Willard Hall during their contemplated visit to Chicago. The endorsement is heartily sanctioned by Frances Willard.

The Gospel Union Wants Booth. Washington, March 13.—Negotiations have been set on foot looking to the selection of Ballington Booth to take charge of the National Gospel Union Mission, which has its headquarters in this city. Major Hutton, the national organizer of the mission, is in communication with Mr. Booth, and as the work of the mission is so nearly in the line of the work the Booths have mapped out for themselves, the supporters of the mission believe that his acceptance of the place would result in good. It is purely an American movement.

Something almost beyond belief will be told you in the great Sunday Journal to-morrow.

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GOULDS ARE READY FOR A COMPROMISE.

Willing to Pay a Tax on \$2,500,000 in Order to Live in This City.

Prospect of a Legal Exodus of Other Millionaires to Escape Personal Taxation.

PRESIDENT BARKER STANDS FIRM.

Declares That the Tax Board Will Not Reduce the Assessment—Why the Big Steam Yacht Atalanta Now Hails from Lakewood.

The courts having decided that George Gould and the other executors need not pay any personal tax on the late Jay Gould's estate as long as they do not reside in this city, the young millionaire is now ready to compromise.

He wants to live here, but he will not return unless the assessment is greatly reduced. The Tax Commissioners have estimated the personality of the estate at \$10,000,000, but this the Goulds declare is entirely too high. George Gould, it was said yesterday, had offered to pay a tax on \$2,500,000.

This amount, however, is not enough to suit the Commissioners. President Barker said that he and his associates had not changed their minds about the \$10,000,000. GOULDS WOULD GLADLY RETURN.

"I have resolutely refused to entertain any proposition," he added, "looking to the return of the Goulds to residence in New York upon the condition that their assessment be reduced. I will not say that definite propositions have been made to me, but I say I have not entertained any. I understand Helen Gould is very much opposed to living out of New York. She wants, I believe, to live in New York, but it is not so with George Gould. The others would gladly return."

"We are not going to depart from our present stand in the least. When a report is made to the courts that the Gould estate is worth \$75,000,000, we think \$10,000,000 will be considered a fair assessment. If we should reduce the assessment to \$2,500,000, what could we say in explanation to the people? We will not reduce it."

President Barker, of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, still has the Goulds on the assessment rolls for 1896 at the same figures and he will not take them off until he has been advised to do so by the Corporation Counsel.

"I believe they have proved their non-residence according to the requirements of the law," he said. "Why, I understand George Gould has had 'New York' painted off the stern of his yacht the Atalanta and had 'Lakewood' substituted in its place. That is certainly fulfilling the requirements of residence in a thorough and conscientious manner, inasmuch as Lakewood is not a second-class city."

OTHER MILLIONAIRES MAY LEAVE. Now that it has been decided that the Goulds are not residents of New York and need not pay any personal taxes here, it is possible that a number of other millionaires may transfer their legal residence to a nearby town and there have their taxes figured at a greatly reduced rate.

Although George Gould has hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of art treasures and bric-a-brac in his town house it cannot now be reached by the tax collector, as now he is a resident of Lakewood. His owner is adjudged a resident of Lakewood, and under the common law personality goes with the owner. He could have \$10,000,000 worth of valuables in his New York house and it would be exempt from taxation as if it did not exist.

Judge Russell's decision in 1894 was substantially the same as Judge Pryor's, and under it a large percentage of New York's millionaires can avoid the payment of the personal tax if they are so disposed. Any one who owns and lives in a country house a portion of the year in New York residence there. The law admits that residence is a matter of intent, and there is no reason why a person who chooses to be a permanent resident in New York at all, any prominent families in New York at all, should not be taxed.

A NEW LAW IS NEEDED. Such families as the Astors, Vanderbilts, Sloanes, Gerrys, Bronsons, Jays, Tallers, Martins, Harrimans, Havemeyers, Isells, Morgans, Webbs, Waterburys, Belmonts, Lawrences, Laniers, Turnures, Livingstons, Rivers, Knickerbockers, Kates, Scholands, Owings, as they do, palatial country places, at which they spend at least two or three months of the year, need not pay a cent of personal tax in New York, where they will still claim residence elsewhere.

Ex-Judge Noah Davis said yesterday that it was a pity that the law was so framed as to enable millionaires who, while owning valuable personal property in New York, avoid taxation by just such means as those employed by the Goulds.

NO PAY FOR PROTECTION.

"Under the law as it now stands," he added, "there is danger of a widespread legal exodus from New York. It is astonishing how blunt the consciences of otherwise upright and honorable business men will become when it comes to the matter of taxes. In the case of the Goulds, with their vast estates containing valuable properties that are protected by the New York police and fire departments, the injustice seems very apparent."

"What a splendid good deed for the protection of the great Gould estate? Here is a man who transacts business in New York and contributes to the support of the city every day. His interests are in New York, and though he sleeps at Lakewood, he has by far the greater part of his assets here than at Lakewood would be worth."

At the Corporation Counsel's office Deputy Corporation Counsel Dean said yesterday that all hope of compelling the Goulds to pay personal taxes had been abandoned as long as they continue their present method of living.

VALUABLE IN SHEETS. "They have," said Mr. Dean, "proved a non-residence much more conclusively than some of the other millionaires who claim residence at Newport, Lenox and other Summer resorts. When the case came a year ago I questioned Mr. Gould very closely about the contents of his New York house. He answered that the 'valuable pictures, bric-a-brac and furniture, covered with sheets, and that it was in charge of caretakers. He even offered to let me go up and see it."

Ex-Judge John F. Dillon, Almer Goodwin, Edward L. Parris and Harry Hubbard told the lawyers that they had threatened the Goulds in their fight against their personal tax. Judge Dillon said yesterday:

"The Goulds have been clearly shown to be non-residents, and so long as they are there is no danger of further difficulty. Of course, if the Goulds decided to move back to New York, they are subject to taxation any time they will be subject to taxation just as any one else is."

George Gould is now at Lakewood for about \$300,000, and his fellow townsmen rub their hands with satisfaction as they think that their fellow Jerseyite pays about half the taxes the town. They would be willing that all of the millionaire families of New York should move to Lakewood upon the same conditions, and there is good reason to believe that some of them will be encouraged to do so by the habit the assessors have of looking at large fortunes through the wrong end of their official opera glasses.